MARVEL LIMITED SERIES

5 of 6

MILLIGAN

ROBERTSON

RAMOS

TOXIN™

©2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WWW.MARVEL.COM

TOXIN DIARY. Day two of my arrangement with the monster inside of me.

IT'S SO HARD, LARRY. BRINGING UP A KID ON YOUR OWN... IT'S JUST SO DARNED *HARD*.

I KNOW.

SPECIAL
BRAZIL
VIENNA

YOU NEVER SAID YOU HAD A KID TOO. BOY OR GIRL?

AH... BOY... I *THINK*.

UNDER THE RULES OF OUR ARRANGEMENT, TOXIN GIVES ME TWO HOURS A DAY AS NICE HARMLESS LARRY...

HA HA HA! YOU *THINK!*

BOY, I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I *LAUGHED*.

YOU SHOULD DO IT MORE OFTEN. IT MAKES YOU LOOK EVEN PRETTIER.

...BUT THERE'S A PRICE TO PAY.

THANKS, LARRY. YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION.

WHAT ARE YOU WRITING?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.

"I'M A BOY"--YOU THINK? MAYBE IT'S TIME I SAT YOU DOWN AND TALKED ABOUT THE BIRDS AND BEES, SYMBIOTE-STYLE.

STOP READING MY DIARY!

OKAY! YOU THINK I CARE WHAT YOU WRITE?

ALL I CARE ABOUT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT. LIKE, YOU'VE HAD YOUR TWO HOURS...NOW IT'S MY TURN...

A DEAL'S A DEAL, TOXIN. I'LL BLACK OUT...BUT YOU HAVE TO WAKE ME IN TWO HOURS EXACTLY...OR THERE'LL BE TROUBLE WHEN I COME AROUND...

REMEMBER, TOXIN. THERE ARE STILL RULES...

NO ARSON. NO GRAND LARCENY.

AND NO HOMICIDE!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STUCK WITH MY *REAL* FATHER. I BET HIS PARENTING IS MORE ON THE *LIBERAL* SIDE.

CARNAGE WOULD HAVE RIPPED YOU APART BY NOW.

ISN'T THAT WHAT PASSES FOR FATHERLY AFFECTION AMONG YOU *SYMBIOTES?*

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WALKED OUT ON HIS OWN CHILD.

OR IS THAT JUST WHAT PASSES FOR *FATHERLY LOVE* AMONG YOU *HUMANS?*

TOXIN: the DEVIL you KNOW

PART FIVE

GOOD LUCK, MULLIGAN, THANKS FOR THE FORMALDEHYDE

Day four. Two more sweet hours with the ones I love.

I just try not to imagine what Toxin gets up to when I'm not there to hold him back.

THIS MORNING AFTER TOXIN'S "PLAYTIME," I AWOKE TO A SURPRISE.

WHAT'S ALL THIS?

WE SHOULD GET WITH THE TIMES. LOOK AT THAT T.V.! GET A LOAD OF THE HI-FI!

WHAT EXACTLY IS A HI-FI, ANYHOW?

I WAITED UNTIL NIGHT AND DROPPED OFF THE STOLEN GOODS AT A POLICE STATION (AFTER WIPING THE PRINTS OFF!).

TOXIN DIARY. Week two. I'm falling in love with my wife. All over again.

And it feels a lot like adultery.

Oh my God. Maybe it's happened. The nightmare scenario.

I've been kidding myself that Toxin wouldn't get up to anything too bad...

BUT THIS MORNING I WOKE UP IN A STRANGE PLACE...

CHIC CHOW'S

T-TOXIN? WHERE ARE WE? OUR AGREEMENT WAS... WHEREVER YOU GO... AT THE END OF YOUR *PLAYTIME*...

...WE'RE BACK AT THE *APARTMENT*.

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO NOW?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, PAT. AND YOU'RE ***WRONG***. THIS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

I WAS DRAWN BY THE SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD, JUST AS MY TWO HOURS WERE UP.

I CHECKED. THEY'RE ALL DEAD. TWENTY-EIGHT OF THEM. MOSTLY FROM KNIFE WOUNDS BUT TWO DIED IN THE CRUSH TO GET AWAY. ONE UNLUCKY SOUL IMPALED HIMSELF ON AN ICE STATUE OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

I LET YOU DO THIS... THIS IS MY FAULT...

WHOOOO

POLICE SIREN. I HEAR IT, TOO.

TIME TO LEAVE.

The Precinct

TWENTY-EIGHT VICTIMS. LOTS OF BLOOD. VAST AMOUNTS OF GORE. WE EVEN FOUND A GLASS EYE FLOATING IN A VELOUTÉ SAUCE. BUT NO CLUES!

WHAT ABOUT *CCTV?*

WHOEVER DID THIS R-REMOVED THE TAPES.

WE'RE CLEARLY DEALING WITH A *P-PAINFULLY* SHARP INDIVIDUAL HERE.

THANK YOU, OFFICER PERKINS. NEXT?

MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY CONTACTING THAT NEW *COSTUMED FREAK* WHO BROUGHT DOWN PILEDRIVER?

YOU MEAN *TOXIN.*

WE CAN *TRY* CONTACTING HIM... BUT I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT HE LIKES HIS *PRIVACY.*

THANK YOU, CHIEF MEADOWS.

ON GOOD AUTHORITY...?

SEVERAL RESTAURANTS ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE ARE CLOSED TONIGHT, EITHER AS A MARK OF RESPECT OR A SIGN OF FEAR...

OLIVES

7 JOLA BACCIGALUPO EAST SIDE MANHATTAN

POLICE SAY THAT THE KILLER OR KILLERS MAY STRIKE AGAIN...

I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR *TWO LOUSY HOURS*...

I DIDN'T KILL THEM! MAN, WHY DON'T YOU *TRUST* ME?

HOW ABOUT BECAUSE YOU'RE *NOT HUMAN?*

CHILD OF CARNAGE. GRANDSON OF VENOM. YOU'VE GOT A PRETTY IMPRESSIVE *PEDIGREE* FOR A *MURDERER.*

GO ON, BLAME ME FOR THE SINS OF MY FATHERS...

ALL I ASK IS A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT I'M NOT... *ALL BAD.*

OF COURSE, IF YOU *REALLY* THINK I KILLED THOSE PEOPLE IN THE RESTAURANT... YOU CAN *PUNISH* ME. WE CAN END OUR *ARRANGEMENT.* I DON'T GET PLAYTIME FROM YOU ANYMORE...

YOU DON'T GET TO BE *LARRY* WITH YOUR WIFE AND BABY.

STUDY THE TAPE *CLOSELY*. SEE HOW MOST OF THE DINERS ARE BEGINNING THEIR MEALS...

LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT VERY SOON THEY THEMSELVES WILL BE MADE A *MEAL* OF.

HEH HEH HEH HA HA...

TAKE SPECIAL NOTE OF THE FEAR. ALL THOSE MEN ARMED WITH KNIVES AND FORKS.

MANY WERE YOUNG AND FIT...BUT NOT ONE FOUGHT BACK. *NOT ONE.*

SEE HOW THE FEAR *PARALYZES* THEM? AT THE END THEY *WANT* TO DIE. AT THE END, DEATH IS A RELEASE FROM THE INEXPRESSIBLE HORROR THAT HAS ENGULFED THEIR LIVES.

LIGHTS PLEASE, SAMANTHA.

CONSIDER THIS WHEN YOU GO TO SLAUGHTER YOUR FAMILIES. REMEMBER THIS WHEN YOU CREEP THROUGH THE DARK WITH YOUR BLADES READY...

THOUGH THEY MIGHT HAVE SIZE AND NUMBER ON THEIR SIDE...

YOU HAVE *FEAR* ON YOURS.

IT'S THIS FEAR THAT WILL HELP YOU TURN A SATURDAY...INTO A *SLASHERDAY.*

SINCE THE *BREAKOUT*, MANY OF MY FORMER PRISON-MATES HAVE CHOSEN BANK ROBBERY, ART THEFT, JEWEL HEISTS...

BUT YOU'RE COOLER THAN THAT, MASTER.

WELL SAID, SAMANTHA. I WISH MY INFAMY TO BE BUILT ON SOMETHING ALTOGETHER *NASTIER.*

THE MAN WHO TURNED NEW YORK'S *OWN CHILDREN* AGAINST IT.

I'D ALMOST BE *CONTENT*... IF I DIDN'T NEED ALL THIS WRETCHED *GROOMING*...TO STOP THAT SHAPESHIFTING *MONSTER* SNIFFING ME OUT.

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO *HELP* YOU THERE, MASTER.

REALLY, PERKINS?

TOXIN DIARY. Week Three of my arrangement with the monster. Oh, I could have murdered my dad...

SO WHAT GIVES, LARRY BOY? YOU GOT A *THING* FOR WOMEN WITH BABIES? IS THAT WHAT PUTS A CREASE IN YOUR TROUSERS?

TAKE IT EASY, JIMMY! LARRY'S JUST BEING FRIENDLY.

THIS GIRL'S MARRIED TO MY BOY! HE USED TO BE A COP! HE'S STILL GOT A GUN AND HE'S THE JEALOUS TYPE!

I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT. IT'S JUST MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S WAY.

IT'S GOOD THAT HE LOOKS OUT FOR YOU.

HE WANTS ME AND PAT TO GET BACK TOGETHER. AND I THINK HE'S WORRIED THAT I'LL GO WITH SOME OTHER MAN.

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT THE KIND OF WOMAN TO DO THAT. SO SOON, I MEAN.

WHO SAYS I'M NOT?

SAME TIME TOMORROW, LARRY?

S-SAME TIME TOMORROW, GINA.

A TAPE HAS BEEN SENT TO THIS STATION FROM THE CRIMINAL KNOWN AS RAZORFIST.

VIEWERS WITH WEAK HEARTS MAY WISH TO TURN OFF THEIR SETS...

PEOPLE OF NEW YORK. YOU'VE NEVER RESPECTED ME. LET ALONE FEARED ME. YET YOU FEAR AND SHOW RESPECT TO OTHER LESSER CRIMINALS, TOO NUMEROUS TO LIST HERE.

THE TWENTY-EIGHT DEATHS IN THE RESTAURANT MASSACRE WERE MY FIRST STEPS TOWARD RECTIFYING THIS SITUATION.

SOON, A SATURDAY THAT STARTS LIKE ANY OTHER WILL END IN HORROR FOR MANY OF YOU. SATURDAY WILL TURN INTO SLASHERDAY.

AT THE END OF THIS TAPE IS A BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER. DONATE ENOUGH TO THIS FUND AND WHO KNOWS, SLASHERDAY MIGHT BE DELAYED INDEFINITELY...

IF I'D BEEN A LITTLE LESS BUSY WITH MY OWN AFFAIRS, HE'D BE ROTTING IN JAIL BY NOW...

QUIT FEELING GUILTY AND GIVE ME AN APOLOGY! ME NO KILLER.

HMM? OH. YEAH. SORRY.

WE GOTTA GO AND LOOK FOR HIM.

NOW? WE'RE GOING NOW?

CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY MORE DEATHS.

REMEMBER, SPIDER-MAN ASKED US TO BRING HIM DOWN.

AND WE TRIED.

WE GOTTA TRY AGAIN. HARDER.

I DON'T WANNA GO LOOK FOR ANYONE I WANNA PLAY.

TOO BAD. WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO. OPERATION RAZORFIST! LET'S ROLL!

T-TOXIN?

DO IT LATER. IT'S A NICE EVENING. I REALLY WANT TO PLAY.

YOU WANNA SEE GINA TOMORROW, DON'T YOU? I KNOW YOU CAN STILL TASTE THE SWEETNESS OF HER LIPS ON YOURS.

STOP ME PLAYING TONIGHT AND I'M LIKELY TO BE IN SUCH A TEMPER YOU WON'T SEE HER FOR WEEKS. IF EVER AGAIN!

OKAY, TOXIN. YOU MADE YOUR POINT.

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE TIME. GO ON. DO WHAT YOU WANT. JUST DON'T LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU GET UP TO. AND PLEASE, TOXIN... TRY...NOT TO...

...NOT TO HURT ANYONE...

AEEEEEE

I'M A NEW YORK CITY POLICE OFFICER-- HURT ME AND THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW WILL COME DOWN ON YOU, MISTER.

OH, HOLD ME, SAMANTHA! I'M *TREMBLING!*

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

TELL ME WHERE TOXIN LIVES, CHIEF MEADOWS. TOXIN, AND THE MAN HE TURNS INTO.

DO THAT...AND I'LL MAKE SURE YOUR DEATH IS NOT *EXTRAVAGANTLY* PAINFUL.

...AND THERE'S ANOTHER UNFORESEEN UPSIDE...THE STILLNESS, THE MONOTONY OF COMPOSING THIS DIARY SEEMS TO SEND THE MONSTER INSIDE ME TO SLEEP."

THE MONSTER...?

HE CALLS TOXIN A... MONSTER...?

WHY?

OOPS.

WHY!

WHOSHHH

PAT'S GONNA BE SO MAD

HHAAHHAAHHAAHHAAHHAAHHAAH

COMPUTERS

CHOCKE GRILL

TOXIN, ISN'T IT? SEEN ANY PSYCHOTIC AMPUTEES 'ROUND LATELY? OR ARE YOU TOO BUSY HAVING *FUN*?

THIS ISN'T FUN. I REALLY DON'T GET WHY YOU HUMANS GET SO WORKED UP ABOUT SHOPPING. I SEE IT AS SIMPLY THE MEANS TO AN END.

I DON'T THINK YOU'VE QUITE GOT A HANDLE ON THIS WHOLE *SHOPPING* CONCEPT, BUDDY.

SEE, SHOPPING KINDA INVOLVES A FREE EXCHANGE OF CASH OR CREDIT FOR GOODS.

WHAT *YOU'RE* DOING MIGHT BE BETTER DESCRIBED AS *LOOTING.*

VERY INTERESTING, SPIDER-MAN. NOW I GOTTA GET BACK HOME WITH THESE LAPTOPS. I BROKE PAT'S, SO I'M *REPLACING* IT.

EITHER YOU AIN'T LISTENING...

?

OR YOU'RE *REALLY* STUPID.

BELL

BELL

BELL

HEY!

WHAK-K

AND THE SMART MONEY'S ON STUPID.

BAPP!!

NGGG!

BELL

--O-O-OKAY...

SAMANTHA...BE A DEAR AND TAKE DOWN THE ADDRESS THIS WRETCHED CREATURE GIVES.

WHAT ARE YOUR WISHES FOR HIM THEN, MASTER?

GIVE HIM TO THE *PIRANHA TOTS*. THEY'VE BEEN GOOD LATELY AND DESERVE A SPECIAL TREAT.

OKAY-- *WHAT*, POLICE CHIEF MEADOWS?

O-OKAY... I'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT. I'LL T-TELL YOU...WHERE PAT LIVES...

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.

AND TH-THEN KILL ME. PLEASE...KILL ME...I DON'T WANT TO LIVE...I...I DON'T *DESERVE* TO LIVE...

YOU'RE BACK!

AHHHH! SP-SPIDER-MAN! WH-WHAT'S GOING ON?

KINDA HOPED *YOU'D* TELL *ME* THAT, MULLIGAN.

Later...

BLACK OR WHITE?

WHATEVER.

I KNOW *RAZORFIST* AIN'T EASY, MULLIGAN. I'M REAL BUSY--AND I REALLY THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE HIM YOUR BEST SHOT.

I DID! HE GOT AWAY! THEN THE TRAIL WENT COLD!

SO NOW YOU LET YOUR *OTHER HALF* RUN WILD?

TOXIN'S STILL LEARNING THE ROPES. IT'S ALL NEW TO HIM. SO HE SLIPS UP SOMETIMES. WE ALL DID THAT.

WE DIDN'T ALL GO *LOOTING.*

HE ACCIDENTALLY BROKE MY LAPTOP AND WANTED TO REPLACE IT. HE THOUGHT HE WAS DOIN' THE RIGHT THING!

I'LL MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

YOU BETTER.

SHEESH! WHADDYA USE FOR COFFEE 'ROUND HERE? *FORMALDEHYDE?*

IT'S HOW TOXIN LIKES IT. HE'S GOT A STRONG STOMACH. DARK COFFEE. HOT CURRIES. STINKY CHEESE...

AND HOW ABOUT *RAZORFIST?* YOUR STOMACH STRONG ENOUGH FOR *THAT* ENCHILADA?

I-I'M ON IT. SOON AS I GET BETTER CONTROL OF TOXIN, I'LL BRING HIM IN.

LAST TIME I SAW TOXIN HE WAS *OUT* OF CONTROL.

GIMME TIME.

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF.

I HANDLED *KING COBRA, THE ANSWER*...AND THOSE *WRECKING CREW* BOYS, DIDN'T I?

MAYBE YOU JUST GOT *LUCKY.*

THIS *SLASHERDAY* THING'S GETTING EVERYONE NERVOUS. I WANT RAZORFIST PUT AWAY *FAST.*

MAYBE THEN I'LL BELIVE YOU CAN TEACH YOUR SYMBIOTE SOME MANNERS.

OTHERWISE, WE'LL HAVE TO REVIEW OUR *RELATIONSHIP.*

GOOD LUCK, MULLIGAN. THANKS FOR THE FORMALDEHYDE.

YOU MIGHT HAVE STOOD UP FOR ME A LITTLE.

I WENT OUT ON A LIMB FOR YOU, TOX. NOW WE GOTTA START WORKING AS A *TEAM* OR...

...OR WE'LL HAVE *SPIDER-MAN* AS AN ENEMY.

A TEAM? WE GONNA START PLAYING SPORTS?

YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.

WE'RE STOPPING OUR *ARRANGEMENT* FORTHWITH. THEN WE'RE GOING TO GO AFTER *RAZORFIST*.

TOXIN, THE LAPTOP. THAT *WAS* AN ACCIDENT, RIGHT?

SURE. SOMETIMES I'M ONE BIG CLUMSY SYMBIOTE. ALL FINGERS, THUMBS AND TENDRILS. SORRY, PAT.

FORGET IT.

THOUGH... THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN DO FOR ME. IT WON'T TAKE LONG. AND I'LL NEVER ASK YOU TO DO IT AGAIN.

AHH, YOU OLD SOFTY...

IT SEEMS SO... SUDDEN...

MY WORK'S TAKING ME AWAY, GINA. BUT I HAD TO SAY GOODBYE TO YOU AND EDDIE FIRST.

IT'S BEEN SO GREAT GETTING TO KNOW YOU BOTH. I TELL YOU...

YOUR HUSBAND PAT MUSTA BEEN A FOOL TO EVER LEAVE YOU TWO.

HEY, PAT, YOU WANNA BE A LITTLE MORE SECURITY-MINDED? *ANYONE* COULD WALK IN HERE.

PAT! IT'S ME! YOUR OLD MAN!

THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW THERE'S THIS *GUY* SNIFFING AROUND GINA. NAME OF LARRY. SAYS HE'S JUST BEING FRIENDLY.

RIGHT!

GNNNN!

SWWSSSHHH

I CAME HERE TO KILL *PATRICK MULLIGAN.* ALSO KNOWN AS *TOXIN.*

BUT YOU'LL DO IN THE MEANTIME.

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

XIII

The Hand

E E M P I R